But I am troubled here with them my ſelfe,
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,
But get you to Smythfield and gather head,
And thither I will ſend you Mathew Goffe,
Fight for your King, your Country, and your liues,
And ſo farewell, for I muſt hence againe.

Exet omnes.

Enter *Iacke Cade* and the reſt, and ſtrikes his ſword vpon London ſtone.

Cade. Now is Mortemer Lord of this Citie,
And now ſitting vpon London ſtone, We command,
That the firſt yeare of our raigne,
The piſſing Cundit run nothing but red wine.
And now hence forward, it ſhall be treaſon
For any that calles me any othervviſe then
Lord Mortemer.

Enter a ſouldier.

Sould. Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.

Cade. Sounes, knocke him dovvne. (They kill him.

Dicke. My Lord, theirs an Army gathered togither
Into Smythfield.

Cade. Come then, lets go fight with them,
But firſt go on and ſet London bridge a fire,
And if you can, burne dovvne the Tovver too.
Come lets avvay. *Exet omnes.*

Alarmes, and then *Mathew Goffe* is ſlaine, and all the reſt vvith him. Then enter *Iacke Cade* a-gain, and his company.

Cade. So, ſirs novv go ſome and pull dovvn the *Sauoy*,
Others to the Innes of the Court, dovvne vvith them all.

Dicke. I haue a ſute vnto your Lordſhip.

Cade. Be it a Lordſhip Dicke, and thou ſhalt haue it
For that vvord.

Dicke. That vve may go burne all the Records,
And that all vvriting may be put dovvne,
And nothing vſde but the ſcore and the Tally.

Cade. Dicke it ſhall be ſo, and henceforvvard all things ſhall be in common, and in Cheapeſide ſhall my palphrey go to graſſe.

Why

Why iſt not a miſerable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb ſhould parchment be made, & then with a litle blotting ouer with inke, a man ſhould vndo himſelfe.

Some ſaies tis the bees that ſting, but I ſay, tis their waxe, for I am ſure I neuer ſeald to any thing but once, and I was neuer mine owne man ſince.

Nicke. But when ſhall we take vp thoſe commodities
Which you told vs of.

Cade. Marry he that will luſtily ſtand to it,
Shall go with me, and take vp theſe commodities following:
Item, a gowne, a kirtle, a petticoate, and a ſmocke.

Enter *George.*

George. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say,
Which ſold the Townes in France.

Cade. Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou buckrum lord,
What anſwere canſt thou make vnto my mightineſſe,
For deliuering vp the townes in France to Mounſier bus mine cue, the Dolphin of France?
And more then ſo, thou haſt moſt traitorouſly erected a grammer ſchoole, to infect the youth of the realme, and againſt the Kings Crowne and dignitie, thou haſt built vp a paper-mill, nay it wil be ſaid to thy face, that thou kepſt men in thy houſe that daily reades of bookes with red letters, and talkes of a Nowne and a Verbe, and ſuch abhominable words as no Chriſtian eare is able to endure it.
And beſides all that, thou haſt appointed certaine Iuſtiſes of peace in euery ſhire to hang honeſt men that ſteale for their liuing, and becauſe they could not reade, thou haſt hung them vp: Onely for which cauſe they were moſt worthy to liue. Thou rideſt on a foot-cloth doeſt thou not?

Say. Yes, what of that?

Cade. Marry I ſay, thou oughteſt not to let thy horſe weare a cloake, when an honeſter man then thy ſelfe, goes in his hoſe and doublet.

Say. You men of Kent.

All. Kent, what of Kent?

Say. Nothing but *bona, terra.*

Cade. *Bonum terum*, ſounds whats that?

Dicke. He ſpeakes French.